

although the road through it is a little rockier. For surely if comfortable positions commanding upholstered chairs by cheerful grate-fires and delightful love romances were the only conditions of success, then ninety-nine hundredths of humanity are utter failures.

The mass of men live not as they *would* but as they *can*. To accept such a fate cheerfully is perhaps the highest wisdom.

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If we could only invent a perfectly accurate mental testing machine which would settle the exact capacity, fitness and use of a man, how much trouble it would save. The lack of such an instrument causes many fatal mistakes. For instance John Gower and the author of "Ormulum" probably regarded themselves as literary prodigies. A mistake which might result seriously to a man if he should attempt to peruse them through that delusion. Such mishaps are constantly occurring from this cause of mistaken identity. Men pass their whole lives in professions whom such a machine would tell that they had not the slightest capacity for. A lamentable fact and yet one that cannot be obviated until some system of proper labeling is discovered.

Failure, disappointment, suffering, misery, wretchedness, sorrow, bitterness, cynicism are some of the results of this defective classification.

Whoever can remedy this lamentable state of affairs will supply a truly "long felt want."

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Still another attempt to classify Emerson in the Fortnightly Review by W. L. Courtney. If any one can find in this article an idea which has not been used at least a dozen times by critics, he must be gifted with extraordinary perception.

Mr. Courtney seems to have copied closely Mathew Arnold's estimate, uses the same argument, only less pointedly and defily puts it. He has the same imperative desire of Arnold to label Emerson, to put him in a certain shelf of the alcove of literature and a definite number affixed so that we may find him from an index properly paged and recorded. It is a pity there were not scientific terms in literature, as definite as those in Botany so that Mr. Arnold could discriminate a little more closely in classifying. No doubt it would gratify his taste. When he puts on the black cap and proceeds to deliver his sentence it must annoy him to lack technical terms with which to make clear the number of years, months, weeks, days, minutes, and seconds literary criminals should serve at hard labor in expiation for their offense.

Mr. Arnold is very fond of saying the last word, of making the last analysis. He has studied so long, the various, innumerable types of literature that being bewildered with seeing such a variety, he has resolved to stick a tag on each individual so that he will recognize him when he sees him again. This may be gratifying to him, but his victims might be satisfied with a manner which smacks less of the auctioneer.

As for Emerson, we might make the same reply to his critics as Goethe, to those who insisted on discussing the respective merits of him and Schiller, "you have us both, why decide who is greater?" So with Emerson, we ought to be content that we have him, and not strain our minds in ineffectual efforts to determine his precise position.

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Many people seem to imagine that independence consists in making an ostentatious display of egotism. Whenever they are brought in contact with others who think differently, they take great pride in making it conspicuous that they are not to

be repressed. So on the street, in the drawing-room, in every place where people gather together, they advertise their personality in flaming hand bills. In every look and action they seem to say "I am Mr. S——. Turn out, every one when you see me coming." If his command is obeyed, he will say with an expression of consummate complacency on his face "I never allow *any one* to trample on my rights."

This type of humanity is occasionally met with in colleges. For even in trivial matters you can find the index of a man's character. The magnetic needle always points north, so the direction of our thoughts is indicated in small as well as great affairs. We have the near relatives of Barnes Newcome in our little world. Persons who have made a slight mistake as to their location, placing it at the centre of the universe, instead of in the circumference.

Of course these traits of mind may have their value. One can choose between individuality and good sense. An ox may stand on a railroad track and dispute the passage of a locomotive. He would be manifesting a certain kind of spirit and determination, but he would show more judgement by yielding for the time-being his right-of-way, and the result would be less melancholy.

To the unfortunate people who shrink from flaunting their colors on all occasions, we would say that cases have been known where men talked little and yet preserved their individuality and accomplished their ends without knocking any one down. There is a time for all things. There are occasions when it is not necessary to mention one's religion, politics, learning, literary tastes, personal feelings, opinion of others, in fact all that touches his egotism. Sometimes it is profitable to keep still. It is well to guard your personality, but also at the same time to remember that there are millions of such beside your own.

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"Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is sinful or hurtful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character, unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritious diet of active, sympathetic benevolence."—O. W. Holmes.

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The state of the mind when it seems to be walled about with impenetrable stone, admitting neither ideas nor perceptions, is peculiarly trying. There are occasions when it is impossible to think of the simplest things. Probably this is a wise provision of providence to prevent ideas being worn out. The wear and tear they undergo, justify them in taking an occasional vacation.

At Harvard each professor is now given one year in seven for study.—Ex.

Michigan University received as a gift the Chinese exhibits at New Orleans.—Ex.

Yale opens with a Freshman class of 190, Cornell, with one of 300, Princeton, with 216 and Dartmouth, with 108.—Ex.

Prof. (to silent class in Analyt. Geom.): "It often seems as if we had not language to express our feelings on this subject."—Ex.

The average age of admission to Harvard has increased from sixteen to nineteen years in the fifty years from 1834 to 1884.—Ex.

Canon Farrar in his first lecture in this country proved himself a rival of Senator Evarts, using sentences three hundred words long, but so clearly enunciated as to beget no confusion among his hearers.—*Vidette Reporter*.